Isaac Brown

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

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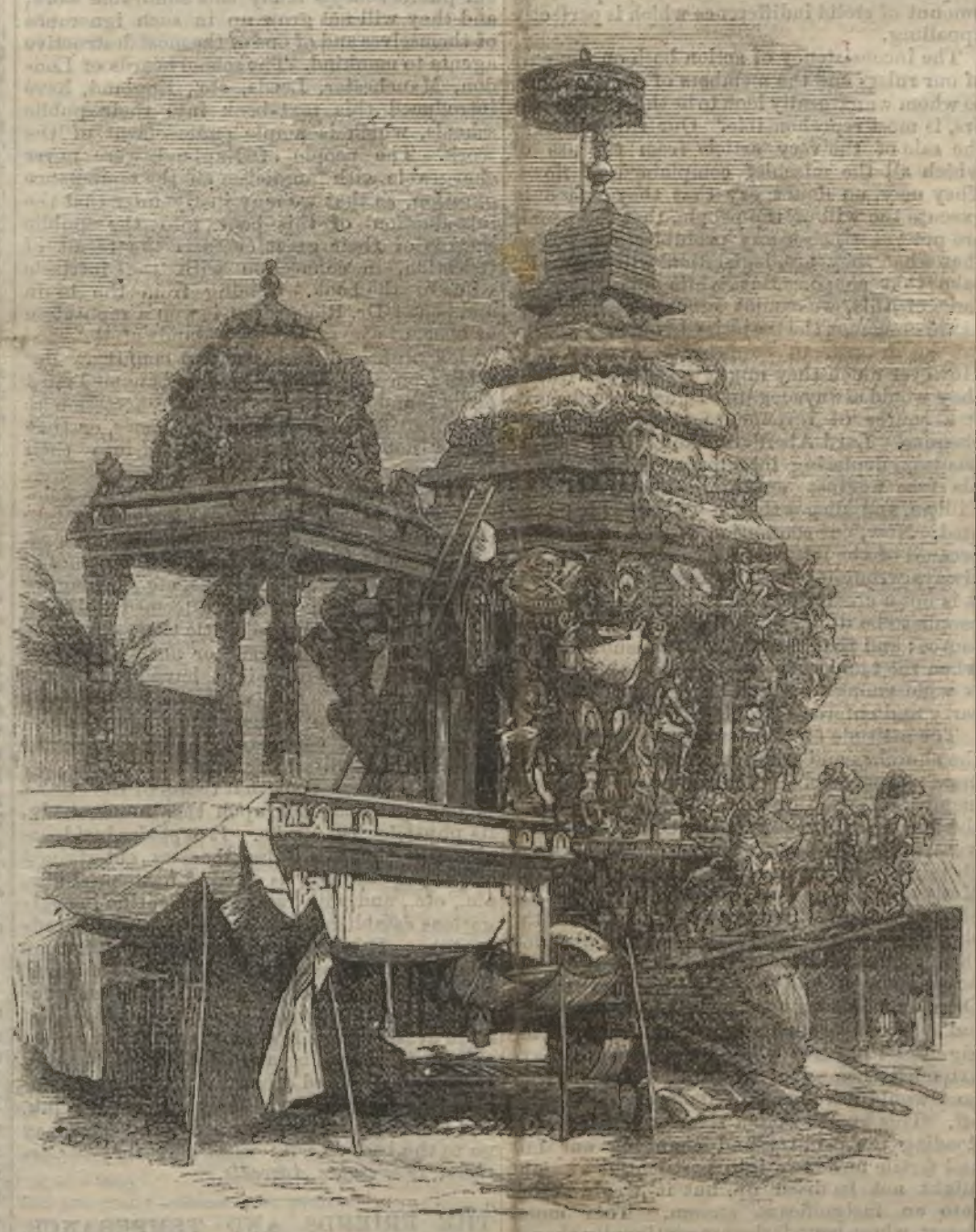
JUGGERNAUT.

In times so old as to antedate all human records, yet so new as to be only yesterday in the history of the globe, the waves of the Bay of Bengal dashed against the foot of a range of hills which extended, fold upon fold, far inland. From these uplands issued two great rivers, bringing down every hour burdens of earth and sand washed away from a thousand mountain-peaks and hill-sides. This earth and sand, deposited upon the shore, slowly formed itself into dry land, encroaching more and more upon the waters of the bay, until a strip of alluvial land has been formed 150 miles long, with an average width of 50 miles, sometimes greater, and sometimes diminishing to a narrow beach. This strip of alluvial territory is the province of Orissa, which fell into the hands of the British in 1803.

The sandy strip which constitutes Orissa proper is the sacred land of the Hindoos. It is the land of pilgrimage for all sects and faiths. For more than two thousand years the sacred city of Puri, the abode of Juggernaut, has been to them more than Mecca is to the Mohammedans or than Jerusalem was to the Christians. The city contains only about 25,000 inhabitants; but every year the temple of Juggernaut is visited by 300,000 pilgrims from every part of India. At the festival in June or July there are regularly 90,000.

Juggernaut—properly, Jagannáth, "the Lord of the World," an incarnation of Vishnu—is of comparatively modern date as the deity worshipped in Orissa. His first historical appearance was in the year 318 A.D.; but the legends respecting him go back for millions of years, running thus:

Far back in the golden age the great King Indradyumna ruled at Malwa. Vishnu, the Preserver, had vanished from the earth, and the king sent Brahmans in every direction to find the deity. Those who went to the north and the east and the west came back with no tidings. The one sent to the south returned not. He had journeyed through the great jungle till he came to Orissa. There he became the guest of Básu, a fowler of the wilderness, who, thinking it a great honor to have a Brahman in his tribe, gave him his daughter for wife, and detained him in honorable captivity. Básu was a servant of Jagannáth, and daily went into the jungle to offer fruits and flowers to his god. The Brahman at length prevailed upon his father-in-law to conduct him to the holy place. His eyes were blindfolded as he went. When they were uncovered he beheld the deity in the form of a shapeless mass of blue stone lying at the foot of the sacred fig-tree. Básu went away to gather flowers, when a voice from heaven fell upon the ears of the Brahman: "Go and "carry to thy king the good news that tho "hast found the Lord of the World." The fowler came back with his offering of fruits and flowers; but the deity did not, as was his wont, appear to receive them; only a voice was heard, saying, "Oh, faithful servant, I am wearied of thy jungle fruits and flowers, and crave for cooked rice and sweetmeats. No longer shalt thou see me in the form of thy blue god. Hereafter I shall be known as Jagannáth, the Lord of the World."



TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

The Brahman returned to Malwa with the good tidings that he had found the Lord of the World. King Indradyumna gathered an army of 1,300,000 footmen, and wood-cutters without number to hew a way through the vast jungle. After journeying eight hundred miles they came to the spot, and beheld the blue stone under the sacred fig-tree. The monarch's heart swelled with pride. "Who "is like unto me," he said, "whom the Lord of "the World has chosen to build his temple?" A voice from the sky replied, "O king! thou "shalt indeed build my temple, but me thou "shalt not behold. When it is finished, then "shalt thou seek anew for thy god." Then the blue stone vanished forever from the earth. The king built the temple, and it was consecrated by Brahmá.

Mr. Hunter gives a vivid picture of the pilgrimages to Orissa. Day and night, through every month of the year, troops of devotees arrive at Puri, and for three hundred miles along the great Orissa road every village has its encampment. At the time of the great festivals the bands follow so closely that they form a continuous procession miles upon miles in length. They march in orderly companies, each under its leader or guide. These guides may properly be called the missionaries of Jagannáth. About six thousand of them are attached to the temple from which they took their departure for every section of the country. The arrival of one of these pilgrim-hunters is a memorable event in the still life of a Hindoo village. He is known by his half-shaven head, coarse tunic, knapsack, and palm-leaf umbrella. He waits, patiently chewing his narcotic leaf, until the men have gone into the field, and then makes a round of visits among the women. He works alike upon their hopes and fears, their piety and their folly. The older ones long to look upon the face of the merciful god who will remit the sins of a life. The younger ones are allured by the prospect of a journey through strange lands. Widows catch at anything to relieve the tedium of their blighted existence; childless wives long to pick up the berries from the child-giving banyan which grows in the sacred inclosure. In a few days the missionary has picked up a band of pilgrims. Fully nine out of ten are women, and when the bands come together on the great Orissa road they present a motley spectacle.

This great spiritual army marches hundreds of miles along burning roads, across unbridged rivers, through pestilent jungles and swamps. Many perish by the way; all are weary and footsore. But no sooner are they within sight of the holy city than all the miseries of the journey are forgotten. They hurry across the sacred bridge with shouts and songs, and rush to one of the great artificial lakes and plunge beneath the sacred waters. The dirty bundles which they have carried all the long way are opened, and yield forth their treasures of spotless cotton, and the pilgrims, refreshed and cleanly clad, proceed to the temple to partake of the sacred rice which has been cooked within its walls—that sacred rice for which the Lord of the World longed in his old jungle home, and of which he now partakes four times a day in his temple.

The sacred inclosure is nearly in the form of a square, 652 feet long by 630 wide, surrounded by a massive stone wall. Within it are 120 temples dedicated to the various forms in which the Hindoo mind has imagined its deity. Among these are about a score dedicated to Siva and his wife, and one to the sun. The central and chief pagoda is that of Jagannáth. Its tower, rising like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf, black with time, to the height of 192 feet, is surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. In front of the main entrance is an exquisite pillar, the shaft of a single stone, forty-five feet high. It is of pentagonal form, and is beyond all doubt the most graceful monumental column ever raised by man. The temple consists of four halls opening into each other. The first is the Hall of Offering, where the bulkier oblations are made. The second is the pillared hall for the musicians and dancing-girls. The third is the Hall of Audience, where the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth, beneath the lofty tower, is the Sanctuary, wherein in jewelled state are seated Jagannáth, his brother Balabadra, and his sister Subhadrá. The images are rude logs coarsely fashioned from the waist up in human form—the same carved by Vishnu himself. On certain festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of Jagannáth. The priests give a spiritual significance to the lack of limbs. "The Lord of the World," they say, "needs

neither hands nor feet to work his purposes among men."

The service of the temple consists of a daily round of oblations, and of sumptuous ceremonies at special seasons of the year. The offerings are only fruits, flowers, and simple articles of food, such as rice, pulse, butter, milk, salt, vegetables, cocoa-nuts, and ginger, which are offered up to the images, and then eaten by the priests.

Contrary to what has been almost uniformly asserted, the worship of Jagannáth is absolutely bloodless. The spilling of blood in any way pollutes the whole edifice, and a special troop of servants is at hand to remove any sacrificial food which may have been thus profaned. Yet so catholic is Vishnuvism to all forms of belief that within the sacred inclosure is a temple to Bimalá, one of the wives of Siva, who is worshiped with midnight orgies and bloody sacrifices.

There are twenty-four high festivals in the year, each occupying several days, or even weeks. At the Red Powder Festival, occurring about Easter, and lasting three weeks, a boat procession is formed on the sacred lake. At the Bathing Festival the images are brought down to the lake, and a proboscis is fastened to their noses, so as to give them the appearance of Ganesa, the elephant-god of the aboriginal tribes. But the Car Festival is the great event of the religious year. This falls in the month of June or July, according as the months of the Hindoo calendar fall. Its object is to convey Jagannáth, with his brother and sister, from the temple to his country house, a mile distant.

For weeks before the time, the pilgrims come trooping to Puri at the rate of thousands a day. The great car has been slowly building; by this time it has reached its full height of forty-five feet. The temple cooks have made their calculations for feeding 90,000 mouths; for the doctrine is studiously inculcated that no food must be cooked except in the temple kitchen. Each image has a separate car. That of Jagannáth is thirty-five feet square, with wheels sixteen feet in diameter; the others are smaller. When the sacred images are placed in their chariots, the multitude fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. Then they lay hold of the ropes, and drag the heavy cars down the broad street. Before and behind drums beat and cymbals clash, while from the cars the priests shout, harangue, and sing songs, not always of the most decent character, which are received with shouts and roars of laughter. And so the dense mass, tugging, sweating, singing, praying, and swearing, drag the cars slowly along. The journey is but a mile, yet it takes several days to accomplish it. Once arrived at the country house, the enthusiasm of the pilgrims subsides. They drop exhausted upon the burning sand, or block up the lanes with their prostrate bodies. When they have slept off their fatigue, they rise refreshed, and ready for another of the strong excitements of the religious season. Lord Jagannáth is left to get back to the temple as best he may. He would never do this but for the aid of the professional pullers, a special body of 4,200 peasants of the neighboring region.

Many reasons may be assigned for the tenacious hold which the worship of Jagannáth has for so long maintained over the Hindoo race, especially among the lower castes. Foremost of all is the fact that he is the god of the people. His missionaries penetrate to every hamlet of Hindostan, preaching the great central doctrine of the holy food. As long as his towers rise from the distant sands of Orissa, there will be a perpetual and visible protest of the equality of all men before God. The poorest outcast knows that there is a city far away in which high and low eat together. In his own village, if he touches the garment of a man of good caste, he has committed a crime. In Southern India, by the old law, no one of the degraded class might enter a village before nine in the morning or after four in the evening, lest the slanting rays of the sun should cast his shadow upon the path of a Brahman. But in the presence of Jagannáth, Brahman and Pariah are equal. What wonder, then, that the name of Jagannáth draws pilgrims from a hundred provinces to visit his shrine.

It is not a little strange that the great revivals of Vishnuvism in Hindostan coincide almost exactly in time with the great modern revivals in Christendom. Kabir, one of his first and leading disciples, was contemporary with John Huss, Chaitanya, his second great preacher, with Luther. Nor has the influence of the Hindoo reformers been less extensive than that of the German. Who shall dare affirm that a people capable of being converted in a generation from Sivaism to Vishnuvism may not in some generation, perhaps not far distant, be converted from Vishnuvism to Christianity?

"The ascending Day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn;
But not for that, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of their timid Dawn,
Lest so we tempt the coming Noon to scorn
The clouds and painted shadows of our Morn."
—*Harper's Magazine.*

Temperance Department.

LORD COLERIDGE ON INTEMPERANCE.

In his charge to the grand jury at Bristol, Lord Coleridge made a very powerful appeal in regard to intemperance. In the calendar, there were two charges of murder and in both cases, drink was one of the main causes. Referring to these, His Lordship said:—"Persons sitting in his position must by this time be almost tired of saying what was the veriest truism in the world, and what he supposed because it was so true, nobody paid the slightest attention to, viz., that drunkenness was the vice which filled the jails of England, and that if they could make England sober they could shut up nine-tenths of her prisons. It was not only those particular cases to which he had been directing their attention, but other cases; and indeed a large majority of the cases which a judge and jury had to deal with began, or ended, or were connected with the vice of drunkenness." This is the testimony which judges have given again and again; and now, as Lord Coleridge confesses, it has become so trite that it ceases either to strike, or startle, or in any way to attract the serious attention of the community generally. That our more thoughtful citizens are deeply affected by this state of things, we grant; but this cannot be affirmed of the great mass of the people. There is on this very point an amount of stolid indifference which is perfectly appalling.

The inconsistency of action both on the part of our rulers and the members of our churches, to whom we naturally look to be the true reformers, is most reprehensible. Our rulers license the sale of the very article from the use of which all the mischief complained of flows. They may, no doubt, say that they can only execute the will of the people, that the people are not yet ripe for any prohibitory law, and that when they are, legislation will naturally take that shape. But while admitting the force of this, we cannot ignore the fact that at this moment the majority of our legislators are not in favor of suppression at any time. However much they might restrict the traffic, they would always legalize it, and would make it a source of revenue to the imperial exchequer. Lord Aberdare, like Lord Coleridge, has been deploring intemperance, but he sets his face against anything like Permissive Billism, and alleges that it will never be tolerated. Now, our contention is that this traffic, because of the mischief to society which it has always wrought, ought to be suppressed, that it is not a creditable thing to us as a Christian people to be filling our treasury from any such source; and that this suppression should come when the temperance sentiment of the country is wide enough and strong enough both to carry and enforce a prohibitory law.

The attitude of those who are members of the churches and who remain apathetic is still more reprehensible. Let us suppose that every member of the Christian Church throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom were, from this day forward, to become a total abstainer. What would be the consequence? Many who are now in the traffic would go out of it; many of those outside the pale of the church who use intoxicants would abandon them; many who are on the highway to intemperance would be arrested and saved. Drunkenness might not be wholly suppressed, but it would be immensely diminished. This gigantic Upas tree whose baleful boughs have extended themselves to all the ends of our land would have most of its branches lopped off. This great swollen river which has been flooding the country and changing our fair and fertile meadows into pestilential swamps might not be dried up, but it would shrink into an insignificant stream. This moral desert, whose boundaries are continually changing, contracting here and extending there, and which has spread itself far and wide, would soon be broken up and lessened with broad tracts of fertility and beauty.

Why, then, do not all the members of the Christian Church take up the temperance position? If they are really what they profess to be, they must be intensely anxious to suppress this vice. But are they kept back by the sacrifice demanded? Why, is not the law of the Christian life a law of self-sacrifice? Is not self-sacrifice the outcome of the love which divine grace awakens and fosters? Does not the genuine Christian rejoice to exercise self-denial if thereby he can save his brother and glorify his Master? But how stand the facts? There may be a sacrifice of appetite where an appetite has been formed, but that will be a personal gain: there may be a sacrifice of some forms of sociality, but these can be replaced with others which are healthier. What other sacrifices there may be we cannot discover, and these we cannot dignify with the name of sacrifices. The health is not sacrificed but promoted; our pecuniary interests are not sacrificed but advanced; our moral influence is not sacrificed but heightened; our moral safety is not imperilled but increased; our power of doing good is not sacrificed but multiplied. And if all this be so, how can any professing Christian justify his remaining aloof from our movement? Intemperance is a terrible evil, a national curse. There are judges and statesmen deploring it, and that, too, in a kind of despairing tone, as if the evil had become too gigantic to be fairly grappled with. How loud, then, is the call to all professing Christians to practice abstinence! In that way they will at least deliver their own soul from all complicity with the vice.

If Lord Coleridge had been as clear and thorough in suggesting a remedy for drunkenness as he is emphatic in denouncing it, he would have done immense service to the cause of temperance. Denunciations are good as far as they go, but we must have adequate recommendations, and these he has not given us.—*League Journal.*

"TEMPERANCE LESSON-BOOK."

BY WM. M. THAYER.

The "Temperance Lesson-Book," by Dr. Richardson of England, one of the most distinguished physicians in the world, opens an epoch in the history of the temperance reform. A large majority of drunkards become so through sheer ignorance. They are men and women who know nothing about the nature and effect of alcohol, and nothing about their own physical structure. Let the children in our public schools study this admirable work, and they will not grow up in such ignorance of themselves and of one of the most destructive agents to mankind. The school boards of London, Manchester, Leeds, etc., England, have introduced this text-book into their public schools, which is ample endorsement of the work. The people of England were never chargeable with fanaticism on the temperance question, so that we may justly infer that the introduction of this book into the public schools of their great cities is the result of reflection, in connection with the intrinsic value of the book. Coming from the brain and pen of Dr. Richardson, it won a reputation at once, of course, since he stands at the head of his profession in his native country. But aside from that, the school boards named must have found the book a valuable accession to the scientific researches of the times, or they would not have introduced it into their schools.

In our youth Dr. Cutter prepared a physiology for the young, and it was introduced into the public schools of Massachusetts. We remember to have learned from it the names of all the bones, arteries, organs, etc., belonging to the body, and it was esteemed quite an acquisition to be able to rattle them off in the class whether understood or not. Doubtless an intelligent parrot might have been taught to do the same. But when the whole book was committed to memory and our physiological education completed, the real practical knowledge acquired was small.

Here is a text-book that treats of the effects of one agent, alcohol, upon the human body, its physiological effects. It explodes incidentally many of the false theories entertained respecting alcohol as food, a heat producer, etc., etc., and with facts and scientific investigations establishes the truth beyond a peradventure. It is just the knowledge that our youth should possess, before this subtle agent has lured them away. After the appetite for drink has been formed such knowledge is of little avail. Very few hard drinkers ever renounce their cups because alcohol is destroying their stomachs and otherwise inflicting physical injury upon them. Only give them drink, and stomach, liver, brain, body, and soul may go to the bad or not; what care they?—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE FRIENDS AND TEMPERANCE.

Canon Farrar, addressing the Friends' meeting upon temperance, thus referred to the influence of one of their body: "It was William Mackin who had the honor of converting to this cause Theobald Mathew, he (William Mackin) being also a member of the Society of Friends. Matthew was working hard as a Roman Catholic priest among the degraded population of Cork, and one day on William Mackin visiting the hospital, he saw a sight which you may see any day in any London hospital—the sight of numbers brought there by the appalling diseases and brutal violence of drink—and turning round to the young Catholic priest, with his heart stirred within him, he said: "Oh, Theobald Mathew, what mightest thou not do if thou wouldst take part in this great work!' 'Young Mathew thought of it. For several days it was in his mind; for several nights it kept him almost sleepless, and at last, after long prayer he came, to the determination, and rising up, he said words which have since become so memorable: 'Here goes, in the name of God.' That was how Theobald Mathew—guided, influenced, converted to the cause by a member of the Society of Friends—began a crusade which, for the time being, did much to cripple the whiskey trade in Ireland, and which was carried also to England, and gave the first great stimulus to the work in which we are engaged. It was incidentally through him (Father Mathew) that Dr. Guthrie became an abstainer. You know he was being driven in a part of Ireland one very rainy day, and he went into a public house to get a little whiskey, under the mistaken notion (which is not even dispelled yet) that thereby he could keep out the cold. He said to the poor drenched car driver, 'Won't you come in and have something?' He replied, 'Faith, I won't touch a single drop of it.' 'How is that?' said Dr. Guthrie. He had taken the pledge from Father Mathew. Dr. Guthrie, thinking over it, considered that here was a poor, uneducated peasant who was strong enough to resist temptation because he saw it would lead to his own ruin, and Dr. Guthrie thought if car driver was strong enough to exercise exercise that resolution he ought to be. Thus it was that he became an abstainer, and carried on the work in Scotland, and through him thousands in England and Scotland carried it on also. Therefore you are obliged, as members of this society, not only by the general traditions of the body to which you belong, but also their special influence in this particular work in the past, to promote it."—*Leisure Hour.*

WHERE THE MONEY SPENT FOR WHISKEY WENT—A TRUE STORY.

The following story was related some time ago at a temperance meeting in New York, being the actual experience of the narrator. It was told in the following language:—

A laboring man, coming out of one of the gin-shops of London, a few years ago, saw a carriage and a pair of horses standing near the door, and two women richly dressed came out of the building, and were handed into the carriage. The laborer stepped back into the bar-room and asked the owner:

"Whose is that establishment?"

The man of gin replied:

"It is mine, and my wife and daughter have gone out to ride."

The laboring man bowed his head for a moment, and then he looked up and said with an energy that made the man of gin think his customer had a sudden attack of delirium:

"I see it! I see it!"

"See what?"

"See where my wages for years have gone. I helped pay for that carriage, and for those horses, and for the silks and laces and jewellery for your family; the money that I have earned, that I should have used to furnish my wife and children a good home and good food and clothing, I have paid to you, and with my wages and the wages of other laboring men you have supported your family in elegance and luxury. Hereafter my wife and my children shall have the benefit of my labor, and I will endeavor to persuade my fellow workmen to do as I intend, with the help of heaven, to hereafter give up entirely the use of intoxicating liquors and care for my own; remove them into a comfortable home as soon as possible and save my wages. I see it! I see it! 'The curse and the remedy, the poison and the antidote."

STIMULANTS IN THE MANCHESTER ROYAL INFIRMARY.

The following resolutions were passed by the Manchester Royal Infirmary Committee recently, and were also approved by the General Board, held on the same day:—Moved by Edward Jackson, Esq., seconded by Philip Goldsmith, Esq., and carried unanimously: "That, considering the tendency to excess in the use of alcoholic liquors by large numbers of persons, and of the danger of fostering the appetite, the attention of the Medical Committee be asked to the administration of alcohol, with regard to the following particulars: 1st, As to the desirability of removing the prescription of alcohol from the diet side to the medical side of the bed-ticket. 2nd, As to the desirability of adopting some uniform shape in which to prescribe its use, such as spirits of wine or brandy, with the view of insuring its more definite and scientific exhibition. 3rd, The restrictions of alcohol to the narrowest possible limit, and the substitution for it where possible of some other contents of the pharmacopœia." Resolved,—"That the foregoing resolutions be forwarded to the Medical Board for their consideration and report." This is important and most commendable action, and our friends in other places will do well to follow the good example thus being set them. We doubt not but this first step will lead on to other steps towards a wise and salutary reform.—*Alliance News.*

VENTILATION OF SLEEPING-ROOMS

We again call attention to this subject, because we fear there are many, even intelligent, persons who do not realize the importance of pure air in the sleeping-room. We know that many sleep in rooms where all windows are shut, with no way of ventilating into the chimney if there be one, and where all the fresh air they get is what forces itself through the cracks about the windows and doors. Those who sleep in such an atmosphere are hardly aware how foul it will become by morning, or how injurious to health the same will be. Air that is repeatedly breathed over, can not be healthful and life-giving. Let any one who has doubts in regard to the condition of the air in a close room, where two or more persons have breathed it over and over during the night, go into pure, out-of-doors air, and then in a short time come back into the sleeping-room before it has been aired, and they will in many cases find the air of the room almost intolerable. The true way is to ventilate every sleeping-room.

If there be an open fire-place, that will help; and if in addition to this, one of the windows be left open a little, the air will be so changed as to be good. If no fire-place, there may be ventilators possibly that enter the chimney at the same point above that will answer the same purpose as the fire-place; but if there be neither, then more than one window should be open to a greater or less extent, depending somewhat upon the condition of the weather outside, and then a circulation may be had that will so change the atmosphere of the sleeping-apartment as to leave no doubt as to its healthfulness. Of course care must be taken not to have too strong a draft of air over the bed, and especially so if persons of infirm health occupy the room. In extreme cold weather it may not be desirable to keep the windows open too much.

We know from experience that plenty of pure air is very beneficial in the sleeping-room, and possibly we go to the extreme when we open one or sometimes two windows top and bottom, in addition to an open grate and a ventilator in the room; but we have thus far suffered no inconvenience, but on the contrary have, we believe, obtained much good. Persons should, if possible, occupy chambers rather than rooms on the lower floor for sleeping apartments, and large ones rather than small. If more attention were paid to some of these simple things, we are sure all would be greatly benefited.—*Congregationalist.*

COLD FEET AND SLEEPLESSNESS.

The association betwixt cold feet and sleeplessness is much closer then is imagined. Persons with cold feet rarely sleep well, especially women. Yet the number of persons so troubled is very considerable. We now know that if the blood supply to the brain be kept up sleep is impossible. An old theologian, when weary and sleepy with much writing, found that he could keep his brain active by immersing his feet in cold water; the cold drove the blood from the feet to the head. Now what this old gentleman accomplished by design is secured for many persons much against their will. Cold feet are the bane of many women. Light boots keep up a bloodless condition of the feet in the day, and in many women there is no subsequent dilatation of the blood-vessels when the boots are taken off. These women come in from a walk, and put their feet to the fire to warm—the most effective plan of cultivating chilblains. At night they put their feet to the fire, and have a hot bottle in bed. But it is all of no use: their feet still remain cold. How to get their feet warm is the great question of life with them—in cold weather. The effective plan is not very attractive at first sight to many minds. It consists in first driving the blood-vessels into firm contraction, after which secondary dilatation follows. See the snowballer's hands! The first contact of the snow makes the hands terribly cold; for the small arteries are driven thereby into firm contraction, and the nerve-endings of the fingertips feel the low temperature very keenly. But, as the snowballer perseveres, his hands commence to glow; the blood-vessels have become secondarily dilated, and the rush of warm arterial blood is felt agreeably by the peripheral nerve-endings. This is the plan to adopt with cold feet. They should be dipped in cold water for a brief period; often just to immerse them and no more is sufficient; and then they should be rubbed with a pair of hair flesh gloves, or a rough Turkish towel till they glow, immediately before getting into bed. After this, a hot-water bottle will be successful enough in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though without this preliminary it is impotent to do so. Disagreeable as the plan may at first sight appear it is efficient: and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, and find that they have put an end to their bad nights and cold feet. Pills, potions, lozenges, "night-caps" all narcotices, fail to enable the sufferer to woo sleep successfully; get rid of the cold feet and then sleep will come of itself.—*British Medical Journal.*

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

The *London Lancet*, in a recent number, points out the difference between the effects of hot and cold baths. The effects of the cold bath, it says, being mainly due to impressions made upon the cutaneous nerves, the modifications of the cold bath largely depend on their power of increasing its stimulating action. The colder the water, the more violent the impression. The frequent change of water, such as is found in the sea or in running streams, increases the stimulating effect. Great force of impact, as when water falls from a height, or comes forcibly through a hose upon the body; the division of the stream, as is shown in shower baths and needle baths; and the addition of acids or salt to the water, all act, it would seem, by increasing the stimulating power which the water exerts upon the cutaneous nerves. Warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly contrary to that brought about by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and although this dilation is followed by a contraction of the vessels, this contraction is seldom excessive; and the ultimate result of a warm bath is to increase the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened as in the cold bath. The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and, by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, increases the call made upon certain vital processes, and enables life to be sustained with a less expenditure of force. While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles, if continued for too long a time, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The ultimate results of hot and cold baths, if their temperature are moderate, are about the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that "cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold water and hot water systems."

Ventilation of Sleeping Rooms Again.—The London *Lancet* says if a man were to deliberately shut himself for six or eight hours daily in a stuffy room, with closed doors and windows (the doors not being opened even to change the air during the period of incarceration), and were then to complain of headache and debility, he would be justly told that his own want of intelligent foresight was the cause of his suffering. Nevertheless, this is what the great mass of people do every night of their lives, with no thought of their imprudence. There are few bedrooms in which it is perfectly safe to pass the night without something more than ordinary precautions to secure an inflow of fresh air. Every sleeping apartment should, of course, have a fire-place with an open chimney, and in cold weather it is well if the grate contains a small fire—at least enough to create an upcast current, and carry off the vitiated air of the room. In all such cases, however, when a fire is used, it is necessary to see that the air drawn into the room comes from the outside of the house. By an easy mistake it is possible to place the occupant of a bedroom with a fire, in a closed house, in a direct current of foul air drawn from all parts of the establishment. Summer and winter, with or without the use of fires, it is well to have a free egress for impure air. This should be the ventilator's first concern. So far as sleeping rooms are concerned, it is wise to let in air from without. The aim must be to accomplish the object without causing a great fall of temperature or a draught. The windows may be drawn down an inch or two at the top with advantage, and a fold of muslin will form a "ventilator" to take off the feeling of draught. This with an open fire-place will generally suffice, and produce no unpleasant consequences, even when the weather is mild. It is, however, essential that the air outside should be pure.

Heart Disease.—The origin of this malady is most frequently traceable to hereditary predisposition, and in many cases it is produced by conduct which was avoidable. Cold, dampness, an enfeebled nervous system conduce to heart disease, but in the majority of cases—taking all classes of society—its acute exhibition is due to breathing impure air. Confinement in badly-ventilated houses, cellar-dwellings, schools, workshops, and factories is the cause of a great portion of the heart affections so prevalent in this country. The impure atmosphere of crowded dwellings seems to have a similar deleterious action on the chief organ of circulation to that which it exerts on the lungs, and thus we find identical conditions favoring the development of both consumption and derangement of the heart. The thorough and effective ventilation of our rooms and houses, our courts and alleys, which proves a preventive in the latter disease, will assuredly hinder the prevalence of the former. In some cases disease of the heart is produced by violent and continued exertion, such as that of lifting heavy weights and violent rowing, but the use of alcoholic stimulants is a far more frequent producer of cardiac mischief than overwork, and by its indirect effects on the muscular structure of the heart, it predisposes, especially in advanced life, to fatty degeneration of the organ itself and of its great blood-vessels. Tobacco is another potent cause of heart disease, its effect being to paralyze the nerves which control the cardiac function. Medicists have testified to the existence of an appalling amount of heart disease among young men who use tobacco in its different forms.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Wet Feet.—The season of the year has arrived when wet feet are usual, to say the least, resulting in various forms of disease. Indeed, it is probable that more colds are produced from cold and wet feet after the debilitating influences of the extremes of cold and heat, than from any two other causes combined. This results from the unusual exposure of our children in their favorite amusements and recreations on the ice and snow. These are often so active and violent as to produce perspiration and consequent weakness, predisposing to colds. The discomforts which might ordinarily be observed, and heeded, under these exciting circumstances are often unnoticed. The danger is when in the quiet of home, when fatigue has prepared the way, and when in a hot room, the body in perspiration, when these cold and wet feet disturb the circulation and the equal temperature of the body. And when we remember that the foundations of consumption are laid in the thoughtless days of youth, the more alarming symptoms appearing with girls, from seventeen to twenty-five, it becomes the duty of a mother to see that her daughter looks after her feet on returning from skating, etc., securing comfort.—*Watchman.*

Poison in Preserved Peas.—The subject of the use of salts of copper as coloring matter for articles of food has been before the French Academy. In the course of the discussion, M. Pasteur stated that, having bought fourteen cases of preserved peas at random from several shops in the principal quarters of Paris, he found ten of them containing copper sometimes as much as 1-70,000th of the whole weight of the article, exclusive of the liquid—the latter always containing some copper when the peas contain it, but in less quantity; in the peas, the copper is generally to be found mixed under the exterior cortical envelope. It was also stated that preserved peas may always be considered as being tainted with copper when they have, even in the least degree, the fresh green color of natural peas. In the interests, therefore, of public sanitary safety, M. Pasteur urged the absolute proscription of such treatment of alimentary substances—toleration of the articles in question to be permitted only on condition that the seller label the packages, "Preserved peas colored green with salts of copper."

Scientific Reliance on Soap.—Dr. Richardson lectured recently in this city on the germ theory of disease. He acknowledged his obligation to Tyndall for his microscopic investigations on air-dust, spores and other comforting and salutary topics. It is worth while for common people to learn that 50,000 typhus germs will thrive in the circumference of a pin-head or a visible globule. It is worth while for them to note that these germs may be desiccated and be borne, like thistle-seeds, everywhere, and, like demoniacal possessions, may jump noiselessly down any throat. But there are certain things spores cannot stand, according to the latest-ascertained results of science. A water temperature of 120° boils them to death and soap chemically poisons them. Here sanitary and microscopic science come together. Spores thrive in low ground and under low conditions of life. For redemption fly to hot water and soap, ye who live in danger of malarial poisoning. Hot water is sanitary. Soap is more sanitary. Fight typhus, smallpox, yellow fever and ague with soap. Soap is a board of health.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A Belgian journal says a new process has been applied to the manufacture of artificial black walnut, by which ordinary wood has imparted to it the appearance of the most beautiful specimens of walnut, adapted to the finest cabinet work. The wood, first thoroughly dried and warmed, is coated once or twice with a liquid composed of one part by weight of extract of walnut peel, dissolved in six parts of soft water, by heating it to boiling, and stirring. The wood thus treated is, when half dry, brushed with a solution of one part by weight of bichromate of potash in five parts of boiling water, and, after drying thoroughly, is rubbed and polished. The color is thus said to be fixed in the wood to a depth of one or two lines, and, in the case of red beech or alder, for instance, the walnut appearance is most perfect.

A New Dye.—The *Scientific American* sends out to its subscribers, with New Year compliments, a sample of a new aniline dye known as "Uranine," and said by chemists to be the most highly flourescent body known. It is in the form of a red powder, which, when sprinkled on the surface of water in a clear glass at once sends down slender streamers of vivid green, and speedily pervades the entire fluid with a fine green and amber tint exceedingly beautiful to behold. So great is its coloring power that a single grain, it is said, will perceptibly tint over three hundred gallons of water.

DOMESTIC.

Custard Pie.—The yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, beat hard, flavor, add two cups of milk and bake. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and when the pie is done spread this evenly over the top and put it back in the oven until it is a nice light brown.

Spanish Cream.—One-half box of gelatine, quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs, and one small cup of sugar. Soak the gelatine an hour in the milk, put on the fire and stir well as it warms, beat the yolks light with the sugar, add to the scalding milk and heat to boiling point, strain through thin muslin, and when almost cold put into a mould wet with cold water. Flavor with vanilla.

How to Wash Windows.—Have a pail partly filled with clean tepid water; throw in a teaspoonful of powdered borax; have one small chamois dipper in the borax water, to wash the windows; then with a dry chamois rub the window dry, and polish. In this way windows may be cleaned in a very few moments and not wet the carpets or tire the person.—*Western Rural.*

Omelet.—Break the eggs in a bowl (six will make a good-sized one), add one tablespoonful of sweet milk to every egg, whip the whole as for sponge cake. Have the omelet pan so hot butter will melt and almost brown in it, pour in the omelet and place it over the fire. If it is nice the whole mess will puff and swell and cook in about three minutes. It is not necessary to cook till wholly done, for its own heat will finish it after it has left the fire. I begin at one end and roll it over and over till it is all rolled up, then let it stand for a moment to brown. Must not put any salt in while cooking.

Graham Bread.—Take three good-sized potatoes, pare and grate them, one mixing spoonful of salt, one-half cup of sugar, and about two quarts of boiling water; stir all together, let it cool until luke-warm, then put in a cup of good lively yeast, and let it stand in a warm place until very light. Take about one quart of luke-warm water, one-half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard, salt, stir in graham to the consistency of griddlecakes, then put in two-thirds cup of yeast, and let it rise over night. In the morning stir in wheat flour enough to make it about as stiff as you can stir it, stir thoroughly, put into your pans, let it rise, and bake.

Baltimore Pudding.—One cup of suet, chopped fine, or two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of boiling water, one cup of molasses, one cup of stoned raisins, three and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and all kinds of spices. Steam three hours. *Sauce for Baltimore Pudding.*—One large tablespoonful of flour wet with cold water and beaten very smoothly, one and one-half cups of boiling water, let these boil gently for half an hour or longer; while boiling add one cup of sugar and a little salt. Have ready in the dish the sauce is to be stewed in one egg beaten very light; strain the contents of the basin over the egg, stirring rapidly. Flavor with vanilla.

To Utilize Old Fruit Cans.—The *Scientific American* publishes a plan which looks as though it might reduce the chances that the earth's surface will shortly be covered with old tin cans in a battered and useless condition. The can is pierced with one or more pin holes, and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry or tomato or other plants. The pin holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Thus a quart can, properly arranged, will extend its irrigation to the plant through a period of several days; the can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns through the longest droughts. In all warm localities, where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit cans, as here indicated, will be found profitable as a regular gardening operation.

SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHT-HOUSE STORY.

By the Author of "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Dot," etc.

CHAP V.—(*Continued.*)

"Well," said my grandfather, "may be you're right, Jem; we'll see what they say. But, for my part, if them that cares for the child is at the bottom of that sea, I hope no one else will come and take her away from us."

"If I hadn't so many of them at home—" began Millar.

"Oh yes, my lad, I know that," said my grandfather, interrupting him; "but thy house is full enough already. Let the wee lassie come to Alick and me. She'll be a nice little bit of company for us; and Mary will see to her clothes and such like, I know."

"Yes, that she will," said her husband. "I do declare she has been crying about that child the best part of the day! She has indeed!"

My grandfather followed Jem's advice, and told Captain Sayers, when he came in the steamer the next Monday, the whole story of the shipwreck, and asked him to find out for him the name and address of the owners of the vessel.

Oh, how I hoped that no one would come to claim my little darling. She became dearer to me every day, and I felt as if it would break my heart to part with her. Every night, when Mrs. Millar had undressed her, she knelt beside me in her little white nightgown, to "talk to God," as she called praying. She had evidently learnt a little prayer from her mother, for the first night she began of her own accord.

"Jesus Eppy, hear me."

I could not think at first what it was that she was saying, but Mrs. Millar said she had learnt the hymn when she was a little girl, and she wrote out the first verse for me. And every night afterwards, I let the child repeat it after me.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night,
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light."

I thought I should like her always to say the prayer her mother had taught her. I never prayed myself,—my grand father had never taught me. I wondered if my mother would have taught me, if she had lived. I thought she would.

I knew very little in those days of the Bible. My grandfather did not care for it, and never read it. He had a large Bible, but it was always laid on the top of the chest of drawers as a kind of ornament, and, unless I took it down to look at the curious old pictures inside, it was never opened.

Sunday on the island was just the same as any other day. My grandfather worked in the garden, or read the newspaper, just the same as usual, and I rambled about the rocks, or did my lessons, or worked in the house, as I did every other day in the week. We had no church or chapel to go to, and nothing happened to mark the day.

I often think now of that dreadful morning, when we went across the stormy sea to that sinking ship. If our boat had capsized then, if we had been lost, what would have become of our souls? It is a very solemn thought, and I cannot be too thankful to God for sparing us both a little longer. My grandfather was a kind-hearted, good-tempered, honest old man; but I know now that that is not enough to open the door of heaven. Jesus is the only way there, and my grandfather knew little of and cared nothing for *Him*.

Little Timpey became my constant companion, in-doors and out of doors. She was rather shy of the little Millars, for they were noisy and rough in their play, but she clung to me, and never wanted to leave me. Day by day she learnt new words, and came out with such odd little remarks of her own, that she made us all laugh. Her great pleasure was to get hold of a book, and pick out the different letters of the alphabet, which, although she could hardly talk, she knew quite perfectly.

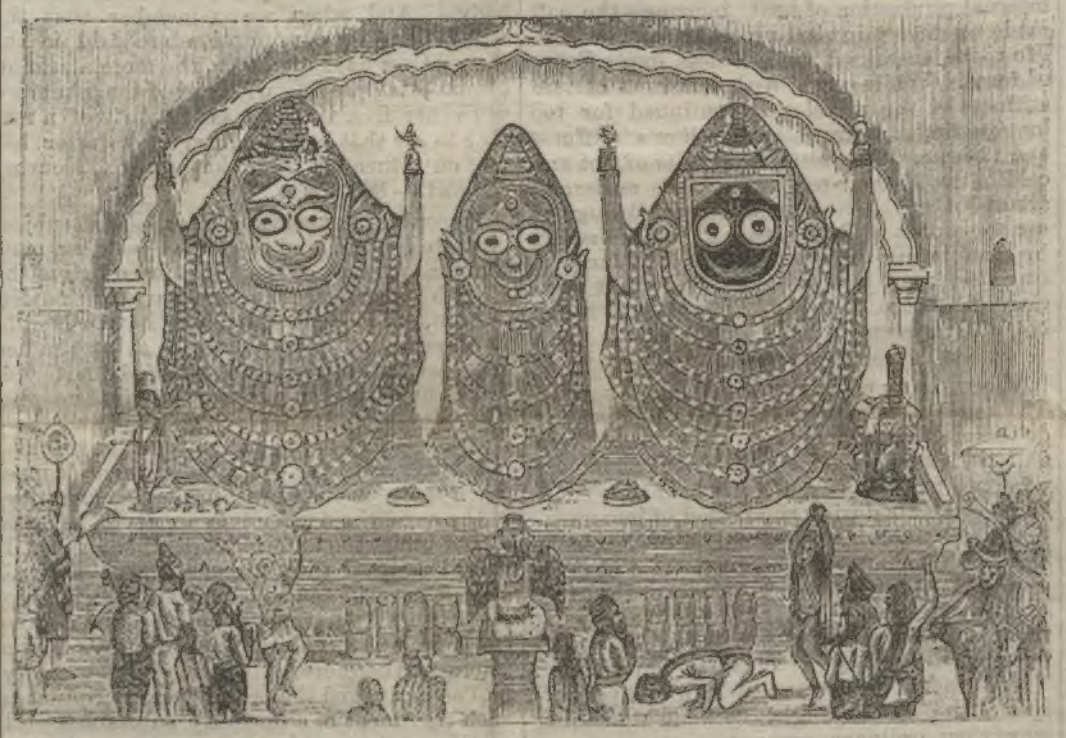
Dear little pet! I can see her now, sitting at my feet on a large flat rock by the sea-shore, and calling me every minute to look at A, or B, or D, or S And so by her pretty ways she crept into all our hearts, and we quite dreaded the answer coming to the letter my grandfather had written to the owners of the "Victory," which, we found, was the name of the lost ship.

It was a very wet day, the Monday that the answer came. I had been waiting some time on the pier, and was wet through before the steamer arrived. Captain Sayers handed me the letter before anything else, and I ran up with it to my grandfather at once. I could not wait until our provisions and supplies were brought on shore.

Little Timpey was sitting on a stool at my grandfather's feet, winding a long piece of tape round and round her little finger. She ran to meet me as I came in, and held up her face to be kissed.

What if this letter should say she was to leave us, and go back by the steamer! I drew a long breath as my grandfather opened it.

It was a very civil letter from the owners of the ship, thanking us for all we had done to save the unhappy crew and passengers, but saying they knew nothing of the child or her belongings, as no one of the name of Villiers had taken a cabin, and there was no sailor on board of that name. But they said they would make further enquiries in Calcutta, from which port the vessel had sailed. Meanwhile, they begged my grandfather to take charge of the child, and assured him he should be handsomely rewarded for his trouble.



TEMPLE OF SIVA.

"That's right!" I said, when he had finished reading it. "Then she hasn't to go yet!"

"No," said my grandfather, "poor wee lassie; we can't spare her yet. I don't want any of their rewards, Alick, not I! That's reward enough for me," he said, as he lifted up the child to kiss his wrinkled forehead.

CHAP. VI.—THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S QUESTION.

The next Monday morning Timpey and I went down together to the pier, to await the arrival of the steamer. She had brought a doll with her, which Mrs. Millar had given her, and of which she was very proud.

Captain Sayers sent for me, as soon as the steamer came up to the pier, to tell me that two gentlemen had come to see my grandfather. I held the child's hand very tightly in mine, for I felt sure they had come for her.

The gentlemen came up the steps a minute or two afterwards. One of them was a middle-aged man, with a very clever face, I thought. He told me that he had come to see Mr. Alexander Fergusson, and asked me if I could direct him which way to go to the house.

"Yes, sir," I said; "Mr. Fergusson is my grandfather." So we went up towards the light-house, Timpey and I walking first to lead the way, and the gentlemen following. The other gentleman was quite old, and had white hair and gold spectacles, and a pleasant, kindly face.

Timpey could not walk very fast, and she kept running first to one side and then to another, to gather flowers or pick up stones, so I took her in my arms and carried her.

"Is that your little sister?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, sir," I said; "this is the little girl who was on board the 'Victory.'"

"Dear me! dear me!" said both gentlemen at once. "Let me look at her," said the old man, arranging his spectacles.

But Timpey was frightened, and clung to me and began to cry.

"Never mind, never mind," said the old gentleman kindly; "we'll make friends with one another by-and-by."

By this time we had reached the house, and the middle-aged gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Septimus Forster, one of the owners of the lost vessel, and said that he and his father-in-law, Mr. Davis, had come to hear all particulars that my grandfather could give them with regard to the shipwreck.

My grandfather begged them to sit down, and told me to prepare breakfast for them at once. They were very pleasant gentlemen, both of them, and were very kind to my grandfather. Mr. Forster wanted to make him a handsome present for what he had done, but my grandfather would not take it. They talked much of little Timpey, and I kept stopping to listen as I was setting out the cups and saucers. They had heard nothing more of her relations, and they said it was a very strange thing that no such name as Villiers was to be found on the list of passengers on board. They offered to take her away with them till some relation was found, but my grandfather begged to keep her. The gentlemen, seeing how happy and well cared for the child was, gladly consented.

After breakfast Mr. Forster said he should like to see the lighthouse, so my grandfather went up to the top of the tower with him, and showed him with great pride all that was to be seen there. Old Mr. Davis was tired, and stayed behind with little Timpey and me.

(*To be Continued.*)

JACK THE CONQUEROR;
Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAP. XI—*(Continued.)*

Jenny had wisely advised Jack to request Mr. Hartley to accept the six months' pay in advance. She knew Susan Law well enough to fear that she would find the money very convenient if she could manage to beg or borrow it from Jack. Mr. Hartley, being a shrewd man, began to suspect the state of the case after he had put a few questions to the lad.

"And so you have earned this money yourself," said he "and you are anxious to learn what I can teach you?"

"Yes, sir, I would rather learn than do anything else."

"Then I am not afraid but you will get on quickly, since you have thought so much of the advantage of coming to school that you have made an effort to pay for yourself rather than remain untaught. There is a motto which says, 'Resolve well and persevere.' Now, you have proved that you have at all events resolved well: perseverance is the next thing, and that I hope will follow. If it does, I have no doubt but that the results will be such as will well reward me for the trouble of teaching, and you for the trouble of learning. You had better come and begin to-morrow morning." And then Mr. Hartley opened a large book and wrote down Jack's name and age, and the date of the month when he was to begin his attendance, which little ceremony had the greatest effect on the boy's feelings of consequence. He watched every letter as it was rapidly written. Each stroke of the pen seemed to him to be something more done towards raising him from his present condition. True, they were mere meaningless strokes to him, inasmuch as he could not read writing; but he knew that they were enrolling his name amongst those of other schoolboys, to him a great distinction in itself! He had entered that large school-room merely as Jack Harold, who was nobody at all. He quitted it as "Jack Harold, school-boy;" endorsed, paid for, and acknowledged as such! So far had he got on in life, and so far had he conquered the difficulties which had lain in his path.

CHAPTER XII.

Good Jenny had shown herself to be a sagacious women when she made Jack take his money to Mr. Hartley, instead of keeping it in her hands. Susan Law was beginning to be aware that her nephew was making money by some means or other; otherwise how could he propose putting himself to school? For he had told her he hoped to be able to go without his doing so costing her anything. She listened without interest at first, thinking that, perhaps, somebody was going to pay for him, and to this she would not have objected, seeing that she would be no worse thereby. But the case was altered when she found that he had actually provided the means for his schooling for six months. She suddenly took a great interest in the way Jack had been spending his time lately; she insisted on his fetching the basket he had made for Jenny's work for her to see, inquired minutely how much he had had for those that Mrs. Naylor took to market, and

for the one Miss Sutton purchased. She even took a walk by Mrs. Naylor's cottage to try and get a peep at the cage which a neighbor had told her Jack had made for Nellie's thrush. Her covetousness was aroused. Jack was not yet strong enough to work at the quarries, but if he were so expert with his fingers, and could thus turn them to account, she did not see why she should not reap the benefit.

She was not pleased, then, when she found he had seen Mr. Hartley, had his name entered in the school list, and was actually going the next day.

She would greatly have preferred his spending his hours at his baskets, which she thought might be sold at Stedwell market constantly: and the more she thought of it, the more she persuaded herself into the belief that whatever he could earn was due to her, and that it was a waste of time for him to go to school.

"Of what use would reading, and writing, and figures ever be to him, quarryman as he would be all his life?" she argued; and with this notion she tried to inspire Jack—we need scarcely say—without success.

What boy could be happier than he when he took his place on the form in the school-room, and became the possessor of a slate and pencil, and copy-book, and other little et cæteras? At first he was placed among boys less than himself; but Mr. Hartley remarked, as he showed him his place, that he did not expect to see him there long.

It is wonderful what man, woman, or child can effect when the whole mind is given to any particular purpose with all the energy it possesses. Such was the case with Jack. He did not know how long he might enjoy his present advantages, and he made the most of every hour, and of every word of instruction that fell from Mr. Hartley's lips. The other boys began to feel an involuntary respect for one who was beginning to rise amongst them in the school so steadily. He was no longer looked upon, as in former days, as poor, ragged Jack, but as a lad who was a great favorite with the master because he was so clever and industrious. They were not jealous of him, because he never bragged, or seemed to be proud of answering a question others could not. His humble mindedness, combined with his natural sweetness of disposition, soon made him a favorite with them, and he was sought after in their games and sports out of school hours. But though as fond of play as any of them, Jack had seldom time to bestow upon it. He was very differently situated to the rest, and so he felt. They had all parents who cared for them, encouraged their progess with their lessons, and were striving to keep them respectably clothed. He, on the contrary, was unloved, and constantly discouraged by his aunt in his efforts for improvement. He might go in rags, and welcome, if he liked; and, indeed, must do so as far as she was concerned, for she would not buy him new clothes. In short, poor Jack stood in the position, at ten years and a half old, of having adopted a child of that age, whom he had to think for, to clothe, and to pay for schooling, that child being himself.

He had still many difficulties to contend with, of a most trying nature. Finding that for very shame's sake she could not stop his going to school, Susan satisfied herself with insisting on his working at his baskets every spare minute. In vain he pleaded that he wanted to practise his writing and learn his lessons. She would reply that too much time was already taken up with them, and that since he had acquired the power of earning money, he must do so in order to pay her for his board and lodging. He had unfortunately told her that Mrs. Sutton had given him an order for some baskets, not limiting him to number. The woman saw a little harvest lay before her if she managed matters properly.

She salved her conscience—if, indeed, she possessed one—by reminding it that Jack was not her own boy, only a nephew whom she had taken through charity, and therefore it was but right that he should begin and pay her back as soon as he could.

Poor child! it was a terrible trial to him to find his own little expedient thus turned against himself; to know that he must hasten home from school to begin to work, and that his aunt was watching him lest he should lose any time, for she made him sit at home, under the pretence that the weather was too cold for him to be in the cave. And, indeed, the days were now too short to have made use of it much longer.

(To be Continued.)

The Family Circle.

WHAT WE SHOULD DO WHEN OTHERS PRAY.

BY SUSIE M. DAY.

If before an earthly king
We were called to stand,
Humbly would we bow the head,
Humbly fold the hand.

Had we done some sinful thing,
And defied his laws,
Gladly would we welcome one
Who would plead our cause.

Should we look about and laugh,
He would think that we
Did not care if all our crimes
Should forgiven be.

Thus when to the King of heaven
One shall lead in prayer,
Humbly let our listening hearts
The petition share.

Foreheads bowed and hands at rest,
Should our posture be,
While from wandering thoughts and plans
Heart and mind are free.

—*S. S. Times.*

JOHN TAYLOR'S TRIAL.

"It is no good, John; religion is all very well in its place, but it don't do for the workshop; and you'd better make up your mind to get on with the men."

But John shook his head. "I can't do that," he said. "I don't want to force my religion upon anybody else, or preach at them, as you call it; but it would not be religion at all if it did not rule my every-day life in the workshop as well as at home."

John Taylor had recently come to live in the village, but it was already known that he regularly attended God's house, and brought up his family differently from many others, and his brother had received a hint from their fellow-workmen that his religion must stop there. If Taylor worked with them he must do as they did, whatever it might be.

"They that live at Rome must do as Rome does," said his brother, "and you'll find it out before you've been at the factory long."

John smiled. "We shall see," he said. He had been working a week at the factory, and nothing unpleasant had arisen beyond a little banter, because he would not drink and swear, and a little ridicule about being so strict.

The nickname "Methodist Jack" he had taken very quietly, and answered pleasantly enough: and he thought, his principles being known, the matter would end there, until his brother called to say the men were determined not to have his religion brought into the workshop—a determination he could not understand just now, but which he found out a few days afterwards.

There was a press of work at the factory. A large order had come in, and was to be completed in a short time, and every minute was precious. The men knew this, and the foreman overlooking them would often do a little job himself to speed the work, although he was not expected to do more than overlook the other workmen. One day, however, he was called away to another part of the factory; and the moment he was gone every man, except John Taylor, laid down his tools and began laughing and chatting with each other. John, however, kept on steadily with his work of planing, and the others seeing it, one of them called out, "Here, stop that now; we're all in for a minute's chat, and you must leave off, if you don't choose to talk to such sinners as we are."

John looked up without removing his hands from the board. "But I don't choose to leave off," he said; "I prefer going on with the work."

"But we don't choose that you should go on; we like things square all round."

"So do I," said John, "and that's why I don't choose to rob the master."

"Rob the master!" exclaimed several voices together.

"Yes, it is a robbery certainly, if you waste the time he pays you to employ for him," said John, and he recommenced his planing.

"Here, stop a bit, old fellow; just explain what you mean," said one, laying his hand on his arm. But at this moment the foreman was heard approaching, and the tools were picked up and all the work recommenced, so that the subject was dropped for that day.

The next morning the foreman again had to go to the counting-house, and again the tools were thrown down, and this time the chisel that John was using was knocked out of his hand, while one of them angrily demanded, "What do you mean by saying we rob the master? I never wronged anybody of a penny in my life."

"Perhaps not," said John, quietly; "but what else can you call it but robbery when you waste the master's time?"

"Oh, there, don't let's have any quarrelling," put in another. "Look here, Taylor, you ain't a bad sort of chap, I know, and you're open to reason, and will do as the rest do when you know it is the rule of the shop. You ain't got used to this place yet, or you'd know we're pretty often on the drive like this, and so, when we get the chance, we have a rest to make up for it."

"I don't see that we're driven much," said John; "all that they require is, that we should keep on steadily with our work. But I can't discuss this now," he said, picking up his chisel; we'll talk it over afterwards," he added.

"No, we won't though; we'll have it out now," said the first speaker. "As you don't seem inclined to conform to the rules of the shop, give us your reason."

John looked up: "No, I will not conform to this rule," he said, "for it is not right, just, or honest."

Again the timely approach of the foreman put a stop to any further dispute, but before the day was over he had to leave them again, and then down went the tools as usual; and one of them said, in a mocking tone, "Now, then, Methodist Jack, we're ready for the rest of your sermon."

"I have not got a sermon to preach," said John, without pausing in his work.

"Oh, that's all nonsense! Methodists always have a sermon ready at the end of their tongue. You left off at some things not being right, just, and honest. Go on."

"If you want to hear more of my opinion about such things I will tell you afterwards; but it would be just as wrong of me to waste the master's time preaching, as you call it, as it is for you to be dawdling," said John.

"Thank you. So that's your religion, is it?" exclaimed another. "Well, I can tell you this, if you want to keep your place inside this factory you'll have to leave your religion outside."

"I told you how it would be," said his brother, when he heard of this occurrence; "you'll have to give in, John, or lose your work, and you can't afford to do that just now, with the two little ones ill."

"I hope it won't come to that," said John; "the worst is over now. They know my principles, and will leave me alone for the future."

In this, however, John was mistaken. His conduct was a reproach to them, and they resolved to force him into compliance with their practices.

The next time the foreman left them John was allowed to keep on with his work; but, when he took up his plane, which was lying near, he found all the edge had been taken off it, and some time was wasted in putting it right. He did not know how the mischief had been done, and could only say it was all right a few minutes before, when the foreman complained of the loss of time.

By degrees this came to be quite a common thing. Taylor's tools were always out of order, and he could never account for it, although he had a keen suspicion who were the authors of the mischief, so had the foreman, and by it he discovered that his most steady and trusty workman was in ill odor with the rest. The loss of time occasioned by the blunted tools soon came to be considerable, and as the easiest way of getting rid of a disagreeable difficulty, John was discharged.

This happened when his third little girl was taken with the scarlet fever, and poor John needed all the strength and comfort of religion to support him under the trial. He was suffering wrongfully, and it needed grace to enable him to bear it patiently, when he looked at his wife's worn face, and saw her look of dismay when he placed his wages in her hand and told her what had happened. His brother came in soon afterwards, and John expected a torrent of reproaches; but, to his surprise, the young man said, "Well, John, you've done it now; your religion's cost you a good situation. But it's worth it, I suppose," he added, with a sigh.

"Yes, that it is," said John, in some surprise at his brother's seriousness. "I've lost my work, but nothing can take from me the promises God has given me in His Son Christ Jesus."

"But promises won't feed the children, and buy them medicine," said the young man.

"But God's will," said John, "His promises are promissory notes that always stand good: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'All things shall work together for good to them that love God.'"

"Well, religion is a reality to you, I know. I never believed in it before;" and with a hearty pressure of the hand he went out, leaving John mute with surprise.

The next morning, to his astonishment, he found his brother near the gate waiting to accompany him to church.

"You're in the right, John," he said, as they were walking back again and discussing the sermon. "I never thought much of religion before, but, God helping me, I'll seek Him now, and I won't forget Him in the workshop either."

The joy this change in his brother gave poor John made him almost forget his present trial, until Monday came and he saw his fellow-workmen pass to the factory, and thought what days of sadness were before them, as well as sickness, owing to their resources being suddenly cut off. There was no other work to be had in the neighborhood, he knew, and so he resolved to go to a distance and look for employment, and started the same day to walk to a town some miles off. Meanwhile the men had heard that Taylor had been discharged through their mischief; but the news was anything but pleasant to them. He was civil and obliging, willing to do anybody a kindness, and more than one had been helped by him in a difficulty, so that they were ready to resent the foreman's compliance with their wishes; and his unaccountable absence this morning gave them the opportunity of sending a petition to the master that Taylor might be recalled to his post.

The circumstances that led to his dismissal were enquired into, and that evening, his brother followed him to the town with the news that he was to return to the factory, not to his former post, but to succeed the foreman, who had himself been summarily dismissed. His fellow-workmen, instead of being jealous of his elevation, heartily congratulated him on it, saying he would make a good master, because he had been a faithful, honest workman, who was not afraid to bring the practices of his religion even into the workshop.—*Little Gleaner.*

JOHN ASHWORTH, TRADESMAN AND EVANGELIST.

BY ALEXANDER MACLEOD SYMINGTON.

Mr. Ashworth died nearly four years ago, in his sixty-second year. For fifteen years or more before, he was well-known—famous, indeed, above many—as a single-hearted worker among the poorest of the poor, a popular lecturer, and the writer of certain "Strange Tales."

This is the very boy, of whom every child has heard, who went to Sunday-school with bare feet and a pinafore of literal sackcloth, on which the word *wool* was stamped in big black letters. His mother gently laid her hand on his head one Saturday night when he was playing marbles, and asked him to come into the house with her. Then she begged him to go to bed, though it was still early and the boys were playing in the streets, that she might mend his trousers and wash his shirt: "For though we are poor we ought to be clean. I intended to get you a pair of clogs, but I am not able. I am making you a pinafore of part of a wool sheet; it will cover your ragged clothes, and you will then look a little better." In the morning, after the pinafore had been put on, the discovery of the letters was made. The boy looked into his mother's face; but, seeing tears rising, said bravely, "Never mind, mother—never mind! It will do very well. It covers my patches; and when I get to school I will sit on the letters, and then no one will see them. Don't cry, mother; we shall be better off yet." Fifty years later Mr. Ashworth heard that the old Bagslate Chapel was being taken down, and gave a guinea for that particular form under which he had tucked his bare toes. It was brought to his study, and used as the place at which he knelt for prayer. There have been many less inspiring oratories.

When the prize-day (Friday in Whit-week) came round, John said, "Mother, do you think you could get me a pair of second-hand clogs for to-morrow?" No: the good mother could not yet compass a pair of second-hand clogs. So John washed his feet long, determined that if bare they should be clean. He got into a corner early, and sat unseen till the superintendent (afterwards Sir James Kay Shuttleworth) called on "John Ashworth" to come up to the platform and receive the first prize. "Oh, how my heart did beat! I arose from my corner and, threading my way through the people as softly as if I were a cat, I walked blushingly on to the platform, and received my reward of merit amidst the repeated clapping of the audience. But when I got back to my place I sat down and cried as if my heart would break, because I was such a poor, poor boy; and because I thought some of the other boys sneered at my poverty." Nearly forty years later Sir James and the once "poor, poor boy" renewed their acquaintance on more equal terms in connection with the relief of the Cotton Famine.

Mr. Ashworth tried in later life to recall when and how he had learned to read, but could not. He could only remember that a halfpenny book with an illustration, containing the history of the "Babes in the Wood," had been lent him by a boy in more prosperous circumstances; also that the keeper of a second-hand bookstall in Rochdale Market—"a stout man with a broad-brimmed hat," named Westall—had allowed him to stand in a corner as long as he liked and read. One day all the six volumes of "Plutarch's Lives" were sold, the boy gazing with wonder on the capitalist who could go in calmly for so vast an investment. Kind Mr. Westall said to the purchaser, "Here's a boy who envies you; he'll miss Plutarch." Explanations were given, and John Ashworth was told that if he would come to the purchaser's house after a fortnight he would receive the loan of the first volume. In this way he read all the six, and after them "Young's Night Thoughts," of which more anon. But though his mind was enlarged by many a thought, he understood only half the big words. He was much exercised about one in particular, "prerogative," which he had heard a minister use frequently one Sunday; so on Monday he went to the most intelligent man of his acquaintance.

"Adam, what is the meaning of prerogative?"

"I don't know, and nobody hereabout knows."

"Is there not a book that tells the meaning of words?"

"Yes; Johnson's Dictionary."

"How is it to be got?"

"From the number-man."

That is, the hawker who came round once a month, bringing books in numbers. But the penniless child was afraid to approach that august personage. He watched him, however, on his next round, and followed him for about a hundred yards as he was going away. At length he screwed up courage to cry from afar, "I say!"

"What do you say?" said the great man.

"Have you got Johnson's Dictionary?"

"Yes."

"What does it cost?"

"It costs half-a-crown. If I was to bring it you next time, how much would you pay me a month?"

After performing a mental calculation of probabilities, John ventured to say, "Twopence," and was greeted with a loud laugh. The bargain was struck none the less. To make sure of the twopence, John went to a woman who sometimes gave an idle urchin a halfpenny for carrying her husband's dinner a distance of two miles, and secured the job for himself as a permanency.

One story more of childhood, for this child, at least, was father of the man. Near Rochdale there is a certain hill called Fletcher's Round, and on the hill there is a resting-place called the Milkstone. One hot summer day a weary woman set the heavy flannel "piece" she was carrying on the Milkstone, and sat down to wipe the sweat from her face. Her little boy looked up and said, "Mother, when I get a little bigger you shall never carry another 'piece.' I will carry them all, and you shall walk by my side." John Ashworth nobly redeemed that promise, carrying all his mother's burdens of that sort, and some others which did not consist of flannel, and never stopped at the Milkstone for rest.

The father's habits were a heavy loss and sore grief to all the family; and the tale about "Johnny's Sorrow" tells us how he tried to share this burden with his mother. He went into a certain wood and prayed that his father might never be drunk again, and might become a good father. That prayer remained unanswered for years; but one day, after he had a house of his own, John Ashworth went to visit his parents, and was told that his father had gone out to the wood. He followed and over-heard him praying earnestly for pardon and grace. Running back with the good news to his mother, she said, "Our prayers are heard at last. My sun is now setting in a clear sky." Their hopes were not disappointed, as a few years of new life proved: another Watcher had said, "Behold, he prayeth."

John Ashworth learned his father's trade, but did not like it. He struck out for himself as a house-painter, with a leaning towards decoration. At the age of nineteen he was earning twenty shillings a week, and married a good lass rather above him in station, the child of very pious folk. He joined a debating club, and began to sport sceptical opinions. Thereupon the mother and the young wife set themselves to pray without ceasing; and when he was three-and-twenty the answer came. The superintendent of a country Sunday-school in which Ashworth was a teacher was one day giving out the hymn—

"Behold a stranger at the door:
He gently knocks—has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill."

when he was so overcome with an apprehension of the love of Christ and of man's ingratitude, that he broke down and could not finish the verse. The words and the scene went to John Ashworth's heart. The next day he fell on his knees nineteen times and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and began to

think the Lord ought to pardon him for so many prayers. That night, on his way home, he knelt down under an old oak and prayed again. "Oh, what a moment that was! My mental vision of Christ crucified for sinners—for me—was so powerful, that it seemed taking place just then before my eyes. I saw that my debt was paid on that cross, paid in mercy, but paid in full, paid in blood; this I believed from the deepest depths of my soul. I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved. I did not shout, I did not weep; but an overwhelming flood of joy came over my soul. I was now justified, not for praying nineteen times, not by works, but by believing; justified by faith, and had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The reality of this experience was severely tested by the scoffs of his fellow-workmen, and by sceptical doubts; but it stood till death. The next year he began to preach in connection with the Free United Methodists, and his mother sat in the Bagslate chapel weeping for joy, while the son for whom she had made the never-to-be-forgotten pinafore proclaimed the unsearchable riches he had found.

His work in the Chapel for the Destitute was John Ashworth's first great and independent effort to serve Christ. Twenty years of toil and trial—struggle for bread, domestic sorrows, disappointments—came before that work.

The history of the Chapel for the Destitute is instructive. In 1851 Mr. Ashworth visited London, and was so deeply impressed with the utter neglect of all spiritual things among the masses, that he made a solemn vow to open a place of worship for the very lowest class on his return to Rochdale. But friends there threw cold water on the proposal, and he left the vow unpaid for seven years. At last the hour of decision came. "He lay on his face for three or four hours, and vowed that if God would only make him more useful, or found it necessary that he was to know deeper sorrow or more trouble, he would take it meekly, whatever it was. He wrote the promise down, and very shortly afterwards one of the greatest sorrows that ever took place in the whole course of his life occurred, the death by drowning of his eldest son. After this he felt such strength as he had never felt in all his life. From that consecration to God sprang the Chapel for the Destitute." His own words are remarkable. "I prayed earnestly that God would give me grace and firmness to endure any amount of ridibule, abuse, misrepresentation, opposition, or imposition; that He would take money matters entirely into His own hands, and would send pecuniary help as it might be required. Believing that God would bless the undertaking, I determined not to consult any human being, but go at once to work, dependent upon God's help and blessing."

A young man came to Mr. Ashworth's door begging. He took in the state of the case at a glance, and asked the beggar to change places with him. He stood below and began to whine, "Please, sir, will you relieve me? please sir, will you relieve me?" and then asked the man how he looked. The beggar would have sneaked away, but Mr. Ashworth "spoke kindly to him, told him that if he had the spirit of a midge, a young fellow like him with a good trade in his fingers (a cabinet-maker), he would be ashamed to go whining at people's doors in that way; advised him to look up into God's blue sky, shake himself, settle down, and be respectable; gave him sixpence, and never expected to see him again." But some months after he called on Mr. Ashworth, well-dressed and thriving, to give him a subscription for the Destitute, and to express the hope that he would serve all such beggars in the same way.

John Ashworth had long cherished the ambition of authorship, and about this time it began to be realized. He must rouse the sympathy of the public toward the class whom he knew and loved so well. A friend met him in 1860 in Manchester, and asked why he looked so downcast. He said a publisher had just explained to him that the publication of the "Strange Tales" would involve an expense of £100, and he had not that sum to risk. The friend set his mind at rest, bargaining in a joke for a share of the profits. Eighteen months later Mr. Ashworth went to him with the first £30 of profit, and offered him his share. To-day the circulation of these sixty-one tales as separate tracts just touches four millions, and two hundred and forty thousand are sold in volumes. They have been translated into Welsh, French, Dutch, Russian, and Spanish. He wrote also two little books, "Walks in Canaan," and "Back from Canaan," of which forty thousand have been sold in nine years; and a later volume of "Simple Records," issued in 1872, has reached a circulation of twenty thousand.

Popularity brought its own perils and toils. He was sought after in every quarter to preach and lecture in behalf of chapels and missions of all sorts; and every engagement which he could fulfil consistently with opening his shop regularly at six in the morning, he accepted. In this way he did for some years the work of at least three men, a lecturer, a missionary, and a house-painter. A commercial traveller once asked his landlady in Rochdale if she knew a man called John Ashworth, adding, "I suppose he is one of those men that go up and down preaching, praying, and neglecting his business." The landlady pointed across the street, and said, "Do you see that shop there? Well, then, every morning at a quarter to six you will see John Ashworth there, sending his men to work." But at length he found that he must choose between the paintshop and the platform; and the astonishing success of his writings enabled him to choose the latter. Whatever he gained as a lecturer was not for himself. He gave every penny beyond his bare expenses to the Chapel for the Destitute; and was delighted to find that, where tickets had been sold, two thousand pounds had been obtained for the building of chapels in various places.

He was a self-reliant and decided man. With our drinking customs he would have nothing to do. He would drink no healths, and "a twenty-shilling dinner to celebrate the opening of a public building was no place for him;" he walked in the procession with his fellow-townsmen, but left them at the hotel door. The following words from his diary may be commended to the notice of all Christian workers: "September 22, 1871.—Feel very tired with the last four days' work, and am thankful that I can rest. I believe if I were to take stimulants to stir me up at these exhausting meetings and journeys it would be fatal to my health, and jeopardize my religious life and peace with God." Some wealthy Christians were not very well pleased when they found that John Ashworth, who had been preaching for them all day, would not go home in their cozy broughams. But no; whether it was one mile or ten, he would only walk on the Lord's day. His theological opinions were as high and strict as his religious principles—the old doctrines of grace; but no man was ever farther from being hide-bound; he held his creed, his creed did not hold him, and he commended the truth of the gospel to all men by broad charity and earnest good-will. He had a perfect passion for finding out the very hardest cases of affliction and trying to comfort them; and this passion went with him everywhere. He died of a distressing cancer in January of 1875. Among his last words were, "Safe in the arms of Jesus. Thank God! safe in the arms of Jesus;" and the very last were, "God bless my poor people at the Destitute!" A good mother used to impress it on us, that friendships founded on Christian principles were the best. John Ashworth, by his life, made many such friends, and by his writings will make many more.—*Condensed from Sunday Magazine.*

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN READING?

BY MINNIE L.

A mother has the principal care of her child for many years, and I believe it to be a strict duty, that nothing should prevent her glancing, at least, over the pages of the literature her child may be reading, even if she cannot spare the time to peruse it carefully, which would be better, and it becomes all the more so when we reflect that reading goes far towards forming the future disposition and mind of the child.

Not even are the books in our Sunday-schools wholly free from evil. I once saw one so decidedly immoral in some of the chapters, that it was like poison in the hands of youthful readers. Happily, however, such instances are rare, yet I mention this to show the need of careful investigation on the part of the parent. And while the printing presses in our country are sending forth floods of reading matter both good and bad, I believe it to be just as easy to take a little time and select the good, and to try and place something in the hands of our boys and girls that will benefit and leave good impressions and ideas in their young minds. They will, if fond of reading, obtain books or papers some way, and if we do not help them to the good and useful, they will no doubt get hold of the evil.

To avoid this let them take some nice paper or magazine in their own name, it will please them better than if it came to them in yours, for children like to feel an ownership in anything, as well as we older ones do, but above all, be sure that no one of the flashy newspapers of the present day, with their overdrawn, silly, sensational stories, ever finds an entrance to your dwellings. If they come around packages from the drug stores, as they often will, immediately consign them to the stove; it's the only safe place, for even a fragment will often awaken curiosity to learn more, and they will slowly but surely corrupt the mind, bringing a distaste for all that is elevating and pure.

There are plenty of good papers within reach of all, even in these hard times, when the parent often finds the funds so low that even one seems impossible. And there are many interesting books on history. When a little girl I read with great interest a History of England, that was written in a style I could readily comprehend. If you have to economize in these days, don't do it at the expense of good reading. Dress the little ones a little plainer, if need be, but don't take away the reading matter that may be the means of benefitting them so much in after years.—*The Household.*

AN EXPERIMENT.

One morning as we sat at our breakfast table the conversation turned on strict truthfulness of statement, and as the discussion grew more and more lively it was finally proposed by one member of the family that we should all pledge ourselves to the sternest veracity of speech for that day, and see what would come of it. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously, and as a first fruit of the resolve we asked the one who had suggested it, "What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

She hesitated, began with, "Because I couldn't"—and then, true to our compact, said: "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago." Presently another one remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold in my life." An enquiring look caused the last speaker to modify this statement instantly, with, "Oh, I don't mean that, of course,—I've been much colder many times, and I don't think it was so cold after all."

A third remark to the effect that "Miss So-and-so was the homeliest girl in the city," was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So and-so was only rather plain instead of excessively homely.

So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant corrections in the interest of truth.

One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careless statements demanded under this new rule. More and more we realized the unconscious exaggeration of our daily speech, and the distance between it and truth, and each one acknowledged at the close of the day that the lesson had been salutary as well as startling.

Now, we would like to propose to our friends who read this to try the same experiment for themselves, and note the result. And perhaps they will tell us their experience in turn.

Such a day may be of service in more ways than one, since it enforces good humor as well as strict truthfulness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TWO.

Two ways:
One broad, the other narrow; the one leads to destruction, the other to life. Many go by the one, few by the other.
Which is your way?
Two classes of people:
The righteous and the wicked, the wheat and the chaff, the living and the dead.
Which are you?
Two deaths:
The death of the righteous, and the death of the wicked.
Which do you think you will die? Which do you wish to die? Which would it be if you were to die this moment?
Two sides at the judgment:
The right hand and the left. Only these two. Those on the right hand will be blessed: "Come, ye blessed." Those on the left hand will be cursed: "Depart from me, ye cursed." "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal."

All must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to receive for the things done in the body, whether they be good or bad.

Reader, what word shall be spoken to you? On which side of the throne will you stand?—*American Messenger.*

PINS IN THE BIBLE.

It was an old Bible, a family Bible, a well-worn Bible—the Bible of an old lady, who had read it, and walked by it, and fed on it, and prayed over it for a long lifetime.

As she grew older and older her sight began to fail, and she found it hard to find her favorite verses. But she could not live without them; so what did she do? She stuck a pin in them, one by one, and after her death they counted one hundred and sixty-eight pins there.

When people went to see her, she would open her Bible, and, feeling over the page after her pin, would say, "Read there," or "Read here;" and she knew pretty well what verse was stuck by that pin, and what by this pin. She could indeed say of her precious Bible, "I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold." They are sweeter to me "than honey, and the honey-comb."

"Stick a pin there!" reader.—*The Christian.*

RULES FOR ACQUIRING WEALTH.

Be Honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob you of your ill-gotten gain in the end.

Be Temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Be Industrious. Improve each day as if you expected to die on the morrow. Indolence, Debt, and Disease are brothers.

Let your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with.

Limit your expenses by necessity and comfort, leaving a good margin for balance saved.

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenious speculators.

Give your personal attention to your business. To do this, keep brain and body healthful.

Question Corner.—No. 7.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

73. Give a complete list from the Old Testament of those who were raised from the dead?
74. Who was it that caused the destruction of the city of Nob?
75. How many instances of suicide are recorded in the Bible? Name the persons and the manner of their death?
76. How many cities were given to the Levites for their use?
77. Of whom did Jeremiah prophesy that he should be buried with the "burial of an ass?"
78. Why was the brazen serpent that Moses made destroyed, and by whose order?
79. What two persons lost their lives for using "strange" fire in burnt offering?
80. What man was slain in a city of refuge, and by whom was he slain?
81. What king and prophet refer to the slavery of Israelites in Egypt in the very same terms?
82. What three kings were denounced in exactly the same words?
83. What is the most ancient war on record?
84. In what manner and by whom was Benhadad put to death?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA

First name a chief, the bitter foe
Of Judah's Lord, and Judah's land.
A river next, whose waters flow,
By old Damascus' heathen strand.
What did the Lord of Hosts o'erthrow,
In pity to his chosen band?
What word is oft-times used to show
The wonders of his mighty hand?
Next mark the name first borne in youth,
By one who, in the cause of truth,
With manly courage risked his life,
To still the murmuring people's strife.
And, last, his father's name set down,
Known only by that son's renown;

The *initials* form a monarch's name,
Who, once a mighty empire swayed;
Yet are his exploits lost to fame,
And all his glory sunk in shade.
His captain's name the *finals* tell.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 5.

49. Forty-two thousand three hundred and three score, Ezra ii. 64.
50. Hulda, the prophetess, 2 Kings xxii. 14.
51. Exodus, xv. 11.
52. The mighty men who came to David at Ziklag, 1 Chron. xii. 1, 2.
53. Issachar, 1 Chron. xii. 32.
54. Job xvii. 9.
55. Elam, Jer. xlix. 36.
56. They put out his eyes, Jer. lii. 8.
57. Ornan, 1 Chron. xxi. 20.
58. Uzziah, 2 Chron. xxvi. 10.
59. Potipherah, priest of On; his grandsons were Ephraim and Manasseh, Gen. xli. 45.
60. Solomon's, 1 Chron. xxii. 9.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Na-hum.
O-badiah.
Mi-cah.—Naomi.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—W. C. Chisholm, 10ac.; Annie Donaldson, 9ac.; Francis Hooker, 9ac.

To No. 4.—N. V. S. Mallory, 8; Agnes McCartney, 9ac.; Freddie W. Moulton, 10; Edwin Longman, 11; Nell McEachern, 8ac.; John Goldsbro, 12; Mrs. Lewis McLeod, 8; Clarence N. Goodspeed, 12; Orpha Whitfield 11; Rosetta J. Feron 12; James S. Graham, 10; Annie Donaldson, 11ac.; Francis Hooker, 11ac.; Isabella Patton, 11ac.; Sarah Patton, 11ac.; George R. Truesdal, 4; Mrs Wm. Case, 10; Alice A. Hamilton 12.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.

LESSON XV.

APRIL 13.]

PROSPERITY RESTORED.—Job 42 : 1-10.—[About 1520 B. C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 4-6.

1 Then Job answered the Lord, and said,
2 I know that thou canst do every thing,
And that no thought can be withholden from thee.
3 Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge?
Therefore have I uttered that I understood not;
Things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.
4 Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak:
I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
5 I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;
But now mine eye seeth thee:
6 Wherefore I abhor myself,
And repent in dust and ashes.
7 And it was so, that after the Lord had spoken these words unto Job, the Lord said to El'-i-phaz the Te'-man-ite, My wrath is kindled against thee, and against thy two friends: for ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right, as my servant Job hath.
8 Therefore take unto you now seven bullocks and seven rams, and go to my servant Job, and offer up for yourselves a burnt offering; and my servant Job shall pray for you: for him will I accept: lest I deal with you after your folly, in that ye have not spoken of me the thing which is right, like my servant Job.
9 So El'-i-phaz the Te'-man-ite and Bil'-dad the Shu'-hite and Zo'-phar the Na'-a-ma-thite went, and did according as the Lord commanded them: the Lord also accepted Job.
10 And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends: also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, we count them happy which endure.—James 5 : 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sanctified suffering is followed by blessing.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Elihu showed why deliverance from sorrow and suffering was sometimes delayed. Then the Lord speaks to Job. The lesson contains Job's confession, and the offering made by his friends as the Lord commanded. Verses 1-6 are Hebrew poetry; the rest of the chapter is in prose.

NOTES.—*El'-i-phaz—whom God strengthens*, the chief of the three friends of Job, and probably the oldest. He was from Teman, a district of Idumea, noted for the wisdom of its people, Jer. 49 : 7. *Two friends* that is, Bildad the Shuhite, of Shuah, in the eastern part of northern Arabia, and Zophar of Naamah, a region of Syria.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JOB'S SUBMISSION. (II.) JOB ACCEPTED.

I. JOB'S SUBMISSION. (2.) KNOW, from the Lord's word in the former chapter; WITHHOLDEN, kept back. (3.) WHO . . . KNOWLEDGE? See Job 38 2; HIDETH COUNSEL, confuses rather than explains truth. (4.) DEMAND, see Job 38 : 3. Job appears to repeat the things the Lord had said, and in verses 5 and 6 gives his answer to the Lord. (5.) I HAVE HEARD . . . BUT NOW, closer or better knowledge of God gives better knowledge of self. (6.) ABHOR MYSELF, Ps. 51 : 17; IN DUST AND ASHES, so the deepest sorrow is expressed in the East.

II. JOB ACCEPTED. (7.) WRATH IS KINDLED, Rev. 6 : 16, 17; SPOKEN OF ME, of my dealings with men; RIGHT, truly; AS . . . JOB, Job confessed his ignorance and sin, but he had better views of God, than his friends. (8.) SEVEN, a common, and regarded as a sacred, number; GO TO . . JOB, this would imply that Job was a priest. See also Job 1 : 5; PRAY FOR YOU, see James 5 : 14. The head of the family was the priest in patriarchal times. (10.) CAPTIVITY, his misfortunes and sorrows; TWICE AS MUCH, comp. Job 1 : 2, 3, with Job 42 : 12-16.

What facts in the history of Job teach us—

1. That God desires us to be humble and penitent?
2. That prayer for others is proper?
3. That we should return good for evil?
4. The value of a godly life?

LESSON XVI.

APRIL 20.]

QUEEN ESTHER.—Esther 4 : 10-17.—[About 474 B.C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 14.

10. Again Es'-ther spake unto Ha'-tach and gave him commandment unto Mor'-de-cai:

11. All the king's servants, and the people of the king's provinces, do know, that whosoever, whether man or woman, shall come unto the king in the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death, except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden sceptre, that he may live: but I have not been called to come in unto the king these thirty days.

12. And they told to Mor'-de-cai Es'-ther's words.

13. Then Mor'-de-cai commanded to answer Es'-ther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews.

14. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

15. Then Es'-ther bade them return Mor'-de-cai this answer,

16. Go, gather together all the Jews that are present in Shu'-shan, and fast ye for me, and neither eat nor drink three days, night or day: I also and my maidens will fast likewise; and so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish.

17. So Mor'-de-cai went his way, and did according to all that Es'-ther had commanded him.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Ahasuerus, or Xerxes, became king of Persia in 485 B.C. About the third year of his reign he deposed Vashti, his favorite queen, for disobedience, and probably about four years later made Esther queen in Vashti's place. Some years later Haman secured an edict or order from the king, for all the Jews to be put to death. Mordecai prompted queen Esther, who was a Jew, to ask the king to prevent the destruction of her people. Her request was granted. Haman was hanged for his treachery, and Mordecai given his office.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.—Ps. 37 : 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Prayer brings strength to the patriot.

NOTES.—*Es'-ther*, the Persian name of Hadassah (Est. 2 : 7,) and the name of the planet Venus. Her father having died, she was brought up by her cousin Mordecai, at Shushan. Though a Hebrew captive, her beauty and character raised her to the position of queen, and gave her the power to save her people. *Ha'-tach-verity*, one of the royal persons that attended upon the king's household. *Mor'-de-cai—little man*, or *worshipper of Mars*, cousin of Esther, chapter 2 : 5, and a Hebrew captive, who held some inferior office in the Persian court. He took care of Esther when an orphan, and, by her help, saved his people from the destruction planned by Haman. Mordecai rose to the second place of power in the kingdom. *Shu'-shan*, capital of Persia, and residence of its kings, Esther 1 : 5; Dan. 8 : 2, on the river Ulai, in Elam. It was once an extensive and wealthy city; now but a heap of ruins.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ESTHER'S DANGER. (II.) MORDECAI'S WARNING. (III.) ESTHER'S DECISION.

I. ESTHER'S DANGER. (10.) COMMANDMENT, or a message in answer to Mordecai's request. (11.) INNER COURT, the king's apartment in the palace; ONE LAW. Herodotus tells us of this law prohibiting any one to be admitted to the king's presence; HOLD OUT THE SCEPTRE. Xenophon refers to the golden sceptre of Persian kings, and quotes a saying of Cyrus: "It is not the golden sceptre that saves the kingdom, but faithful friends." It was held out as a sign of favor.

II. MORDECAI'S WARNING. (13.) THOU . . . ESCAPE, death was decreed for all Jews; KING'S HOUSE, the palace, or perhaps his household. (14.) FOR IF, or "Even if;" HOLDEST THY PEACE, to save thyself; ENLARGEMENT, or, literally, "respication," that is, life; ANOTHER PLACE, some other way, which Mordecai trusts God to provide; THY FATHER'S HOUSE, family; WHO KNOWETH, it is probable, etc.; COME TO THIS KINGDOM, been made queen; TIME, of danger.

III. ESTHER'S DECISION. (16.) FAST, 2 Chron. 20 : 3; MY MAIDENS, probably Jewish attendants allowed to her; NOT ACCORDING TO, or "contrary to;" I PERISH, for breaking the law (see v. 11); she accepted the result even if it should be death to her. (17.) WENT HIS WAY, at once to carry out her request.

What facts in this lesson teach us—

1. Not to shun danger when in the way of duty?
2. That we are to accept opportunities for good?
3. That God can carry out his plans without us?
4. That selfish fear is dangerous?
5. Submission to God's will is true bravery?

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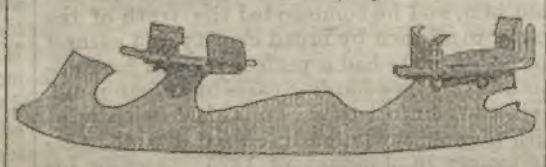

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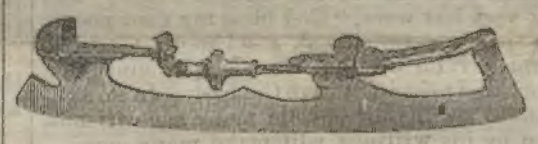

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